

Garlands,

DONALD O' DUNDEE

The Lass of Cartside.

Bundle of Wants.

Johnny's Hoise.



DUMFRIES :

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John Sinclair, Bookseller, High-street.*

Young Donald o' Dundee.

Young Donald was the blythest lad
that e'er made love to me,
Whene'er he's by my heart is glad,
he looks so gay and free.

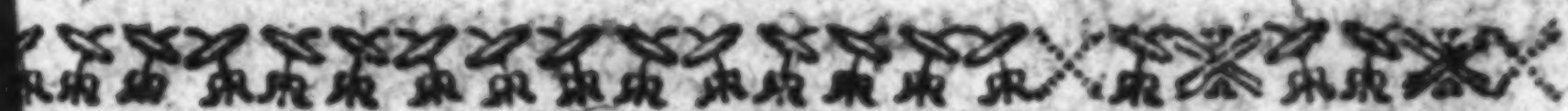
While on his pipe he plays so sweet,
And in his plaid he looks so neat,
He charms my heart whene'er I meet
Young Donal' o' Dundee, &c.

Whene'er I gang to yonder grove,
Yaung Sandie follows me,
And fain he wants to be my love,
but that he cannot be.

Tho mother fret both soon and late;
For me to wed this youth I hate,
There's nane may think to gain young
but Donal' o' Dundee, &c (Kate)

When last I rang'd the banks of Tay,
The ring he show'd to me,

* And bade me name the bridal day,
 And happy would he be,
 ken the laddie will prove kind
 Nae mair my mother will I mind,
 Mefs John to me will quickly bind,
 Young Donal' o' Dundee, &c



The Lass of Cartside.

Where Cart gently glides thro' the vale,
 and nature, in beauty array'd,
 perfums the sweet whispering gale,
 that wantons in every green shade,
 from pride and from vanity free,
 the fairest of fair ones doth bide,
 No beauty so charming as she,
 the lovely sweet lass of Cartside.

ung y Cart as I lonesomely stray,
 Kate no flower can my fancy excite;
 Not all his wild vardurè so gay,
 without her, can yield me delight.

Ah, fortune ! why art thou severe,
 how long will thy frownings divide ;
 This heart from its object so dear,
 the lovely sweet lass of Cartside.

If destin'd some happier swain,
 Shall her that I covet, enjoy,
 O let me not live to complain !
 let death every tendon destroy.
 But while by a meadow or grove,
 the Cart gently rolls in his pride,
 May happiness, pleasure and love,
 attend the sweet lass of Cartside.



Bundle of Wants.

Come Gentleman sit you all merry,
 I'll sing you a song of want,
 I'll make you as merry as may be,
 now my money begins to grow scarce
 A woman without ever a tongue,
 she never can scold very hard,

It is such another sad want,
de; when a fiddler wants his crowd.

A Ship without ever a sail,
may be driven the lord knows whither,
It is just such another sad want,
as a Shoemaker wanting of leather,

A man that hes got but one leg,
will make but a pitiful runner,
And he that has got no eyes in his head,
will make but a sorrowful gunner.

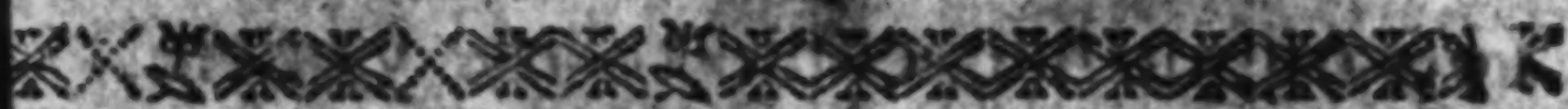
A bell without ever a clapper,
will give but a sorrowful sound,
And he that has no land of his own,
may work on another man's ground,

A woman without ever a fault,
she as a bright star will appear,
And a brewer without any malt,
will brew us but pitiful beer.

scar A Soldier without any pay,
to fight will be terrible lazy,
And a bed well stocked with fleas,

will keep a man wonderful busy,
 A miller without a pair of stones,
 he is but a sorrowful soul,
 And if he has no oern to grine,
 he need not stand taking of toll,
 A man that has got a bad stomach,
 will make but a pitiful dinner,
 And he that has no victuals to eat,
 his jaws will grow thinner and thinner
 You know that a dish of good meat,
 Is the comfort and joy of man's life,
 He that has no victuals to eat,
 has no need to draw out his knife:
 A ploughman without e'er a plough,
 I think he may leave at his ease,
 A dairy without ever a cow,
 will make but bad butter and cheese
 A man that is pitiful poor,
 has little or nothing to lose,
 And he that has got ne'er a foot,
 it saves him the by tying of shoes.

hope there none in this place,
 any way displeas'd with my song,
 come buy up my ballads apace,
 and I'll pack my all's and begone.



Johnny's Horse.

I had a horse, and I had nae mare,
 I got it frae my daddy,
 my purse was light & my heart was fair,
 but my wit it was fu' ready.
 And sae I thought me on a time,
 Out wittens of my daddy,
 to see myself to a lawland lair
 who had a bonny lady.
 I wrote a letter, and thus began,
 madam, be not offended,
 I'm o'er the lugs in love wi' you,
 and I care not though ye kend it;
 for I get little frae the laiad,
 and far less frae my daddy,
 and I would blythely be the man,
 wad strive to please my lady.

She read the letter and she leugh,
 ye needna been sae blate, man;
 You might hae come to me yoursel,
 and told to me your state, man:
 You might hae come to me yoursel,
 Outwipers of ony body,
 and made John Goukstone of the laird,
 and his d' his bonny lady.
 Then she pat filler in my purse,
 we drank wine in a cogie,
 She fee'd a man to rub my horse,
 and wow but I was vogie.
 But I gat n'er sae sair a fleg,
 since I came frae my daddy,
 The laird came rap, rap, to the yett,
 when I was wi' his lady.
 Then she put me behint, a chair,
 and cup'd me wi' a pladdie,
 But I was like to swarf for fear,
 and with'd me wi' my daddy.
 The laird went out, he law na me,
 I wou'd when I was reddy to go,
 I promis'd, but I n'er goed back,
 to see his bonny lady.